

# THE LIGUORIAN



## IN THIS ISSUE

FATHER TIM CASEY - - - - -	2
C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.	
THE WAY OF BETHLEHEM - - - - -	8
M. J. R., C.Ss.R.	
SACRIFICED - - - - -	16
GOBODAN.	
AN IRISH-JEWISH IDYLL - - - - -	27
E. Jennings, C.Ss.R.	

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

New Year's Musings.....	1
J. R. Melvin, C.Ss.R.	
How One Vocation Developed.....	13
A Professor.	
Their Alma Mater.....	23
M. H. Pathe, C.Ss.R.	
Catholic Anecdotes .....	35
Pointed Paragraphs .....	37
Our Lady's Page.....	42
Catholic Events .....	44
Book Reviews .....	47
Lucid Intervals .....	48

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 1

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## New Year Musings

I thrill to chime of the glad bells' peals  
The New Year greeting, and yet there steals  
Over my heart a sadness it feels  
For the year that is gone forever.  
Another lap of life's race is run.  
What have I lost or what have I won?  
What can I count I have nobly done  
In the field of my soul's endeavor?

An earthly artist perforce doth place  
Himself in his work both form and face,  
Despite ideals that his mind doth trace,  
For clay can only produce a clod.  
With tool that is lent my help to be,  
Lo, I must carve for Eternity,  
The Image, stamped on my soul I see.  
My tool is Time and my Model—God.

Not hard this task in spite of my complaints  
For lo, each life of the countless Saints  
This Image of God most clearly paints  
On each page of man's history scroll.  
Why did I murmur in grief and pain?  
If Christ trace thus His Passion again,  
By paths more easy but none more plain,  
Could His love lead me unto my goal?

What matter my tears once they are shed?  
What matter my work when I am dead?  
What matter a year once it has fled  
Save for harvest of hope or of fear?  
Then chime ye bells! And while ye shall ring  
My soul shall promise whate'er ye bring  
In trustful love to my Lord to cling  
On each fair day of the glad New Year.

—John R. Melvin, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### "THINGS WE PAY FOR"

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Father Casey's painstaking defense of the Melchite Mass at St. Malachy's had left old Luke Houlihan only half convinced that the American bishops and priests were "rale Catholics." "Mebbe," he would reluctantly admit, when his good wife essayed to elicit a whole-hearted act of faith in the American clergy, "mebbe they're all right—but they has quare ways." The pastor's last move, however, came near wrecking everything.

When Father Casey called, Luke was lying in wait for him. Simulating a degree of stupidity entirely foreign to his shrewd nature, he opened the attack in this wise.

"I—I've been puzzlin' my head over this bit of a prisint ye sint me for the Noo Year, yer Riverence," and pottering about he finally fished out from behind the clock a neat little carton addressed: To Mr. Luke Houlihan, from St. Mary's Church. Poor Eileen reddened with embarrassment at her sire's duplicity when he continued: "Would it be some kind of a new prayer book, I dunno? My eyesight is bad, an' I does betther with my bades."

"That," returned the priest without blinking an eye, "is not a prayer book, Luke. It is a package of fifty-two envelopes. Every wage earner in St. Mary's parish is supposed to take one of those envelopes every Sunday, enclose a contribution proportionate to his means, and drop it into the collection box."

"You know, Daddy, I read you Father's letter about it," said Eileen. But her well-meant reminder had no effect.

"What! More money! More money!" And he slumped helplessly into the nearest chair.

"Not necessarily," returned the priest. "If you have been contributing according to your means and the needs of the church, you are not required to give *more* money, but simply to continue your contributions as usual, using these Sunday collection envelopes for the purpose."

"To give what I have been givin', is it? Thin, whatever is the use of salin' it up in a letther—like you'd be sindin' it to the ould country?"



"Because there are everywhere some who do not contribute according to their means and the needs of the parish. The churches are built and the schools are maintained nevertheless. Which means that the loyal parishioners are paying more than their just share, while the slackers are enjoying benefits to which they are not entitled. The Sunday envelope system distributes the burden over the entire parish. The load is made light for everyone, while the parish is assured of a steady, determined income conducive to businesslike management."

"Why would the slackers be afther givin' more nor before?"

"Because their names are published at the end of the year."

"Publish the names an' the money they gave! I'll be as ginerous as the next wan, but what I give in charity, I don't want announced to the wur-ld."

"You are taking the wrong slant at this affair, Luke. Paying your just debts is not charity. And your share in the support of your parish is one of your just debts. When one does not want the world to know how he stands regarding his debts, it is a sign there is something wrong. Put your Sunday contribution in the envelope so that all can see you are doing your bit and not sponging on the parish."

"Invylopes an' tin cints sate money an' school jues an' books an' a class ring an' a collection for Christmas an' another for Aysther an' wan for the Pope an' one for the Chinymin an' wan for the simynarians an' jues for the Howly Na-ame an' jues for the A. O. Haitch an' tickets for a car-rd party an' chances on a baby boogy an'—an' a dollar to buy back the Howly Land from the Jews an' tin dollars for the new church an'—an'—'tis a wondher we have a pinny left to buy a crust of bread, at all. Shure 'twould break anny honest body that wasn't a capitalist—or a bootlegger, begor."

"With all these calls, I suppose you gave as much as a hundred dollars for the good of religion during the past year, Luke," suggested the priest.

"A hundhre! Man alive, 'twas nearer to two hundhre! A hundhre an' fifty at the laste!"

"And how much is your yearly income? You have had steady work in the rolling mill, have you not?"

"He has that, yer Riverence," said Mrs. Houlihan. "May the Blessed Lord be praised for all His goodness to us."

"Then your income was at least nineteen hundred. Eileen, how much do you bring in?"

"About fifteen hundred, Father."

"And Michael?"

"He is not getting much yet, only a hundred a month. But he has good prospects—if he attends to his business."

Father Casey did a little sum in mental arithmetic.

"Father draws nineteen hundred a year, daughter, fifteen, son, twelve; total, forty-eight hundred a year. God gives you forty-eight hundred; you give Him a hundred and fifty. And you cry bloody murder. Forty-eight hundred minus a hundred and fifty leaves forty-six hundred and fifty. You can still buy quite a generous crust of bread with that, unless the price of wheat has gone up. And you are wailing about the exorbitant sum required by the church. Luke Houlihan, I used to think the Irish were generous towards religion."

"Ginerous enough, yer Riverence, but when 'tis always money for this an' money for that, an' will yez conthribute to this an' donate to that? There's no ind to it, begor."

"When you used to dig ditches, Luke, and you would give a dozen blows of the pick in the same place, would that mean you were making great progress?"

"'Twould not, yer Riverence."

"Well, what would it mean?"

"Tough diggin', yer Riverence."

"Why?"

"Mebbe because you had struck an onusual har-rd naygurhead."

"That fits our case to a T. It takes all the threats and appeals and collections and chances you have enumerated to extract a hundred and fifty out of a forty-eight hundred income. If you hear the priest always hammering about money, it is no sign that he is taking in enormous sums, but rather that he invariably comes upon some frightfully tough niggerheads."

"The priesht must fancy it more nor I ever fancied diggin' ditches. He gives us no rest from it, begor."

"If the priest is always urging you to give money, he does it for your own good—so that the means will be at hand to care for your soul. You need no urging to care for your body. You look to its wants a thousand times a day. Now it must have food, now drink,

now a smoke, now more food and more drink. It must be clothed and warmed and cooled. It must have a soft bed and an easy chair and a smooth riding vehicle. Yet you never balk at spending money for it—that miserable body which the worms will soon be eating, but you would never think of providing for your soul—your immortal soul destined to exist for all eternity. If, from time to time, the priest reminds you of this obligation, you raise a great loud wail.”

“Shure, we’re not begrudin’ our bit.” Luke shuffled about uncomfortably, repeating: “Shure, we’re not begrudin’ our bit—not begrudin’ our bit. But why,” he got a sudden bright thought, “why should the clargy want such lashin’s of money?”

“Luke, did you ever pay a plumber or a bricklayer or a plasterer or a concern that supplies cement or steel or gas or water or electricity?”

“I have that. An’ they robbed me, bad cess to thim.”

“Then you should have some faint idea of what it costs to build and maintain a church and school and rectory and hall and sisters’ house. You ask what the clergy do with so much money. The question you should ask, the question that wrecks the health and breaks the spirit of so many a priest, is how so much can be done with so little.”

“They did not have all thim looxuries in Ireland whin I was a boy, an’ begor, they turned out betther Christians than these American clargy,” said Luke.

“Neither did you live in a house like this when you were a boy in Ireland, nor in a city like this, neither did you have the comforts you have now nor draw the pay you do now. With all the people enjoying modern improvements, do you want God’s house to be the only one with mud walls and an earth floor, a kerosene lamp for light and a cracked stove for heat? If faith does not move you to provide proper church buildings, sheer decency should. You surely do not want Protestants to point mockingly at a set of dilapidated shacks and say: See, that’s how much these stingy Catholics think about their religion.”

“Of course we wants a daycint sthtructure for the house of God—but to be always payin’ an’ payin’. Why cannot we finish the job an’ have an ind of it once for all?”

“Why don’t you do that with regard to your taxes?”

“I would do it, an’ glad enough I’d be. But they’d sind the police for to drive me out of the house.”

"Why do they insist on your paying taxes and paying taxes from the day you are born till the moment you die?"

"I suppose 'tis because they needs the money for to run the government."

"In like manner, Luke, the clergy need the money to run the Church. The expenses are continuous; your contributions must be continuous. If you want your government properly equipped, you must pay for the equipment. If you want your church properly equipped, you must pay for the equipment. There is no other way; the money will not fall from the sky."

"Sarra a bit of it iver fell on me, lasteways," the old man muttered with a grin.

"Do you know how much taxes you pay?" asked the priest.

"On'y too well I knows. I have the resates of the twinty years past in the cubbor fornist ye."

"You mean the taxes on this house. You think that is the only tax you pay. However, it is only the smallest part. You pay taxes on everything you eat or drink or smoke or wear. You pay taxes on your cradle, and you pay taxes on your coffin, and on everything you possess between the one and the other. Take that steam radiator there beside you, for instance. There were taxes—federal, state, and county taxes—on the mines whence the iron ore was taken, on the smelters where it was melted, on the coal mines that furnished the coal to melt it, on the railroads that carried it, on the factory that manufactured it, on the warehouse that stored it, on the men that worked at it, on the concerns that handled it. Now, do they all pay these taxes themselves?"

"Faith an' they do not, thin. They passes thim all on to me."

"Correct. The consumer pays. Yet he keeps on voting for more and more public expenditures, though he knows he must pay the bill. He pays a tax on everything he uses every moment of the day. If he had to pay that often for the support of the Church, his cries of lamentation could be heard from here to New York. Do you know how much taxes, direct and indirect, you pay in a year?"

"A nate sum, I'll go bail."

"How much of the forty-eight hundred family income do you spend?"

"Arrah, before they finish gettin' all the things they thinks they need, shure they spinds it all."

"Well, it is safe to say a good fourth goes for taxes in some form or other—a thousand or more. And so you pay a thousand to support your government, and less than two hundred to support your Church. Is your body worth so much more than your soul? Do you value the comforts of this life so far above the joys of eternity that you unhesitatingly pay a thousand to be governed and begrudge a couple of hundred to be saved?"

"Ah, Father Tim, dear, ye takes a chanct remark too serious, at all. 'Tis like goin' to the dintist, it is. We may rize the roof, but we wants him to go an wid his wur-rk, none the less. An' 'tis the same whin the priesht ballyrags us from the althar for not payin' our jues. We may roar bloody murther but we wants it just the same. Shure, we'd be lonely widout it."

"And that reminds me of what I came for—it is to see how much you'll be after giving me for the new school," said Father Casey.

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### NO ONE TO BRING THE MESSAGE

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Sister Mary Canisius recalls an episode from Kentucky history which is heartening these days. For one part, it might be read in Indiana or Alabama.

A Catholic, who had been proposed as candidate for speaker of the State Assembly, was advised by his friends (this was during 1926) to withdraw his name, because of the antagonism of a group of Klansmen. Then a tall mountaineer representative arose and said:

"Brother, don't ye withdraw. They can't defeat ye without the votes of us mountain people, and there aint a man in the mountains yaller enough to go ag'in ye on account of your religion."

The protest was effective and a few days later the mountaineer was called upon to explain his action.

"In my district we are mostly of Irish descent, and I reckon we ought 'a been Catholics. Mighty nigh all the hill people, though, are Baptists, or Methodists, or Campbellites, because these folks came among us and taught their way of belief. We uns would have been glad to have learned the Catholic way, too, but nobody brought us the message."

There is a very sad ring to that,—“No one brought us the message.”

## The Way of Bethlehem

### A PLAIN CHRISTMAS STORY IN CHEERFUL CHRISTMAS DRESS

M. J. R., C.Ss.R.

In hushed expectancy every soul within the confines of Nazareth Hospital awaited the coming of midnight. It was Christmas. In wards and rooms and corridors Christmas holly gleamed amid its dark green background in the dim light of lamps that lighted the pathways of nurses on errands of mercy bent. Soon, in the Convent and Nurses' Home, black robed Sisters would steal silently from their cells and sweet nun voices, to the accompaniment of violin and cello, would awaken tired sleepers to the joyous strains of the "Adeste Fideles." Hearts would thrill with the joy that ever greets the Birthday of Christ the King. Happy feet would carry cheerful hearts to the Chapel, there at midnight Mass to rejoice with fullest joy and to share the bliss of the Shepherds in even greater degree when the Babe of Bethlehem hid beneath the forms of Bread, descended in Holy Communion into the hearts of these His adorers.

But for a goodly number in the hospital there was no share of all this midnight Christmas. Patients tossed on beds of pain—which would still be beds of pain despite the fact that the world rejoiced in yet another Christmas and that even into the confines of the hospital, that synthesis of pain and human misery the efforts to promote the spirit of Christmas would creep in forced gayety. Who can tell the loneliness of an invalid on the day of rejoicing? Then there were the night nurses—how little Christmas would mean to them! Perhaps only an added burden of duty—since all who could be spared from the nursing staff had hurried home to families and friends to spend at least Christmas day itself in more cheerful surroundings.

Yet Christ who came silently at midnight to bring peace and holy joy to the hearts of all men of good will on that first Christmas night when Bethlehem shone in starry glory and angelic hosts made the heavens melodious with ecstatic harmony, still finds ways and means to creep with Christmas joy into every heart that owns good will and silently, yet withal powerfully, as of yore. He brings the brightness

and the gladness of Christmas to those who have learned the secret of the King.

Thus it happened in Nazareth Hospital this Christmas night that even while a tear of loneliness stole down their cheeks the Christ Child was bringing Christmas joy to two souls that had earned His presence, each in a different way.

To the little corridor that housed the sick nuns on Sixth Southeast—the strains of the *Adeste*—the peal of the organ and the triumphant pulsing tones of the “*Gloria in Excelsis*,” came but faintly. Old Sister Innocent, helpless by dint of exhausting labors in the cause of the Merciful Master, lay silently suffering in her dim little cell. A votive lamp that danced and flickered and shone but feebly, lit up a tiny crib on the table beside her bed. Other sign of Christmas, save for a wreath of holly that hung in the tiny window, was there none. A tear of natural regret and longing at the thought of the scene of splendor that must make the beloved Chapel seem a Heaven, trickled down the wrinkled cheek of Sister Innocent—Sister Innocent who had built so far as any one being could be said to have built it—this vast hospital, the admiration of the medical world, the haven of the poor and suffering. All the world save humble Sister Innocent proclaimed that to her courage and resourcefulness and skill and patience humanity owed this model of modern efficiency in the care of the sick. But tonight, Christmas night, Sister Innocent was just a poor, sick, helpless old nun lying in the poorest cell (of her own choosing of course, dear soul) allotted to the Sisters who were sick—while in the beautiful chapel—monument to her love for Jesus—voices sang and hearts echoed the gladsome strains of Christmas hymns. So Sister Innocent would not have been human, had she not allowed herself at least one tiny tear of regret. But there was no bitterness in the tear, and it was soon chased by the subdued sunshine of the peaceful smile that crept over her face as the tinkle of a tiny bell announced that into the poor cell and the rich heart of the humble nun, Christ the King was coming.

Out in the vast ward of which the nuns' corridor was only a tiny part, Mary O'Leary hurried to and fro with never a moment's peace or respite from the fretful calls of impatient patients to let her meditate on the joy of Christmas as an occasional strain of Christmas



melody floated dimly from the distant Chapel. Christmas indeed, little of the temporal joy of Christmas could Nurse Mary expect. A wild twelve hours did that Christmas eve comprise—from dusk till dawn—up and down—to and fro—administering medicines—smoothing pillows—cooling fevered brows—stilling fretful moans and even closing dying eyes—that was her Christmas midnight. And so too to Nurse Mary as to Sister Innocent we must allow the salty comfort of a regretful tear. It was hard. Yes, at morning she would stagger utterly exhausted from her work to Mass and thence to bed. True, there would be Christmas hymns at the night nurses' Mass, but they would all be too tired to listen and perhaps most of them would even fall asleep during the brief Christmas sermon. Then tired out she would plod wearily to bed to slumber fitfully till the buzzer in her tiny room called her to yet another night of trying duty. Not that Mary was slothful—oh no; she seemed tireless and no one ever saw her mournful. But Mary tonight wondered if it were all worth while. And then to Nurse Mary, as to Sister Innocent, came a blessed privilege. She knelt—knelt there in the ward between the beds of the poor and the sick and received her Lord and God.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths into your hearts," the saintly old chaplain had pleaded with Sisters and nurses on the Sunday before the opening of the novena of Christmas. "Your Christmas joy will be in proportion to the fervor of your preparation," the good priest had assured them. And Nurse Mary had gone to Sister Innocent to find out a way in which a weary, overworked nurse might worthily prepare. She confided to the good old nun that every year she had promised lengthy devotions for the novena and either she had forgotten and neglected them or something had interfered to keep her from carrying them out. And Sister Innocent had pointed the way for both Nurse Mary and her own dear saintly self, had promised to help the impetuous child whose harum-scarum cheerfulness had brightened the nun's dark cell and whose real good-heartedness had soothed many a restless, painful night. And Sister Innocent had gone further, she had confided her own secret to Nurse Mary and asked the little nurse to help her keep her resolve.

. . . . .

So it was to Sister Innocent's cell that Nurse Mary hurried instead



of to supper, when a nurse coming from the Chapel after midnight Mass was over relieved her.

By the bedside of Sister Innocent knelt Nurse Mary and a radiant smile, that only the peace and joy of the Christ Child could kindle, shone on the faces of both. With her motherly arm around the weary nurse—Sister Innocent was talking, and it is worth our while to listen for she was revealing the secret of the Infant King.

"God bless the dear old priest, he was right as usual," Sister Innocent murmured. "In all my years in the world and in religion I have never known so well as tonight just how much joy and peace Christmas could bring to a human heart."

"I too, Sister dear," shyly confided Mary, "though I am utterly exhausted physically, I am just thrilling with heavenly happiness. And to think it was all so simple when you showed me the way to Bethlehem."

"Simple, yes," replied Sister Innocent, "but simple tasks are not always easy paths, and I'm sure it cost a struggle for both of us—but thanks be to God it was well worth while."

"Yours was harder than mine, Sister dear," said Nurse Mary; "I had much to console me—much to distract me, but you had only your bed of pain."

"But it wasn't painful once I remembered the privilege my Lord had conferred on me. To make me like Himself in Bethlehem. There He lay upon the straw—cold and suffering—depending absolutely in His helplessness upon the charity and kindness and care of others. And I complaining because He took my strength of which I was so proud and left me helpless; and He left the angels and the ruling of the sun and moon and stars and became a Baby in a Stable. No, no, child; my preparation was easy, when I remembered the Infant Jesus. Yours was harder—that of St. Joseph and Our Dear Lady."

"I really found it very easy when I had learned to try, Sister dear," whispered Nurse Mary. "You gave me the secret—to think of St. Joseph and Our Dear Blessed Mother not as sharing the joy of Christmas or rapt in contemplation on the way to Bethlehem. You said St. Joseph at least knew very little about what it all meant, except that he was doing just what God wanted him to do. And even though Our Lady knew the wondrous mystery that was about to dawn on earth—yet she, too, had her sorrows. And both of them were just two poor

human beings on the way to Bethlehem—worried and cold—with aching bodies and weary—oh so weary, with sore feet plodding over the mountains and hills and rough roads to Bethlehem—there to receive only contempt and insult from those so far beneath them. So it was easy for me to remember that my daily or rather nightly humdrum grind of duty was really my way to Bethlehem. So I didn't mind the weariness and I smiled at reprimands, just and unjust, and put up with the insults of ignorant patients and the complaints of ungrateful patients and it seemed just like I was walking by the side of St. Joseph and Holy Mary, and at midnight when our Lord came, it seemed that my poor sinful heart was not so much like Bethlehem—but more like Heaven, with Jesus and Mary and Joseph all there, and the angels singing songs of joy."

"Well, child," smiled Sister Innocent, "the Babe of Bethlehem certainly took far different routes in pointing out the way to Bethlehem to you and to me. But He brought us there, led by His tiny hand. May He bless us always with the joy that thrills our hearts tonight. And now you must go back to your work. God bless you and make your Christmas happy."

"The same to you, dear Sister," smiled Mary. Then she leaned over blushing and whispered: "Sister Innocent, I found so much happiness walking during the novena with St. Joseph and Our Lady, I want you to ask Jesus, in your heart, to let me walk always with them and Him, by consecrating my life to His service in religion."

Sister Innocent leaned over painfully and gently kissed the brow of the nurse at her bedside. Shrewd old Sister Innocent—smiling so placidly—did you know all the time whither Nurse Mary's way of Bethlehem was bound to lead? You smile so peacefully—I cannot tell. But Nurse Mary is smiling so peacefully, I'm sure it doesn't matter. And then the Infant Jesus, from that crib on your bedside table, is smiling so happily on both of you—you, Sister Innocent, and you weary Nurse Mary—that I feel sure you have stolen right into His Sacred Heart—just as He has stolen into yours and filled them to overflowing with His Christmas Peace and Joy.

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Pride betrays itself in disobedience, haughty independence, contradiction, boastfulness and contempt for others, and makes its victims hateful both to God and man.

## How One Vocation Developed

### A PROFESSOR

Back in the hills of Maryland lies the little place called Cumberland. I have never seen it, but from all I have heard about it, it must be almost another paradise. This little place surely was much smaller when the events transpired of which I am going to write a few lines today.

Cumberland is famous in the annals of the Redemptorist Order. There was established one of its earliest foundations. There was the first house of studies for the theologians of this renowned Congregation of Missionary priests. There were nurtured and carefully matured the vocations of many of its "biggest" figures in America. There lived heroes and saints, side by side for many years. At length the place was given up for a better and more healthy location. The Capuchins have it now. The old Redemptorist Monastery is theirs, and they are, like their predecessors, doing heroic work among the inhabitants of Cumberland and among the dwellers in the country around. It was there that the Redemptorist Students dwelt during the Civil War. It was there that they had to undergo the fear of being taken prisoners of war at the approach of the Southern Army. And it was there that they managed to live—not indeed in peace and quiet—but to live nevertheless during the great struggle between the North and the South over the question of slavery.

And it was in Cumberland that the Vocation of which I am going to speak found itself in a strange way.

One who has known the two individuals in question could hardly expect to meet with two men of more diverse types. Yet, they were fast friends as boys and always later on in life—and God granted to each to celebrate his Golden Jubilee of Priesthood in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

The picture. The smaller of the two, a deep-thinking, quiet boy, had just come from the Church after serving a late Mass. Quietly was he pursuing his way, when of a sudden his bigger and stronger companion ran up behind him, pounded him lustily and asked him: "What are you thinking of now?" The smaller, quiet boy answers simply: "Of my vocation."

"Well, well; who ever thought that such things would be in your mind during vacation time?" came from the big boy. "I thought you had done enough of that sort of thinking during the school-year and that you would hardly be spoiling all the good times we have promised ourselves by being so pensive now." Pensive is a big word and means thoughtfully quiet. But it was the word used, at any rate.

"I am not as pensive as you think," answered the smaller lad. "I happen to be happy and joyful and am surely going to be with you at the appointed hours for the various games we have agreed upon."

"Happy—about what?"

"Well, since you don't seem to know, I'll tell you. I'm happy because the Fathers have accepted me for their preparatory school in Baltimore. And I am going there in September, as Father X. has promised."

"Of all the things to be happy about—and not to let me in on your secret! If you are going, so am I."

Kind reader! Both of them went. And both of them persevered. And both of them filled many posts of honor as well as of responsibility in that Congregation to which they pledged themselves in their youth. The small, quiet boy earned his spurs, as they say, by preaching retreats without number; by holding for long years the post of Novice-Master and as such deciding the vocations of many young men who came to him for that purpose; by instilling into these same young men that love for virtue and work which made many of them more renowned than he could ever hope to be—for his was the life of the violet, hidden under the thickest foliage, theirs the life which naturally attracted the attention of men.

The "Big Boy" became a renowned missionary and was heard in many a pulpit of the East and the Middle West and had the pleasure of bringing many a sinner to repentance. He too held posts of importance.

He was much "in the limelight," and yet never lost his head—though honors were thick heaped upon him.

Known, loved and revered were these two men in their day; known by their fruits are they today.

But the point I wish to make is this: the entire suddenness of the Call from God; the quickness with which it was recognized and followed; and the happiness vouchsafed the "Big Boy" for his generous

resolution: "not to be outdone in generosity to God by his smaller and quieter companion of those 'boyhood' days."

It is wonderful how God calls. It is marvelous how God lets the individual know that He wants him, body and soul. It is inspiring to see how God rewards prompt obedience to His inspiration and call.

Are you, young man, thinking about it and—delaying? Or, are you sure of the call and trying to dodge it? There must be some who are doing just that—since there is so great a shortage of priests at the present time.

Perk up! Don't be afraid of the consequences. They are not going to be the half of what you dread they might be. In fact, the dreaded things will not eventuate at all. Be generous and you will find a generous Rewarder in Him to whom you pledge yourself.

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### THE HANDCLASP

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William T. Walsh tells the following in America:

"A cablegram buried in the bulky interior of a New York newspaper records the visit of the King of Spain to a leper colony. His manhood and his Christian charity were put to the severest test. A leper, embittered by his terrible destiny, suddenly accosted the royal guest, and with a leer that seemed to say, "I dare you," held forth a ghastly hand to the King.

The King turned pale. What would he do? Could anyone in these pasteurized days blame the ruler of a nation if he declined to expose himself needlessly to an incurable disease? What would President Coolidge have done? What would Henry Ford or Thomas Edison, what would Rev. John Roach Straton or Dean Inge have done? These are questions that may remain unanswered forever. The present writer can speak only for himself; he fears that he would have vanished over the nearest fence, a leper pursued by a leper, or would have made for the tallest tree in those parts.

What did the King do? His most Catholic Majesty turned pale, yes; but putting forth his hand, he clasped that of the leper.

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A common sorrow is held to form the closest and dearest of bonds, but for twenty people who can share our griefs, there is scarcely one who can laugh with us. Do not our hearts go out to that one with a feeling of relief and certainty that the others never give us?

## Sacrificed

BY GOBODAN.

I like a good piece of fiction as well as most people. Yet the story I will tell you is no fiction. It happened just as I set it down here. For reasons that will be obvious the names and the "local habitation" are other than the reality. But the main events of the story are true. Dr. Delaney of the tale is no creation of mine. His wife's illness took place, the Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help was made, and the sequel followed—all just as I shall try to tell you.

### I.

I first came in contact with the case about twelve years ago. I was then a clerical student and happened to be home on holidays. My old parish priest, Father John McHugh, asked me one day to drive him on a sick call as his own driver was ill. It was a perfect June day and a drive through a beautiful stretch of Irish coast scenery on such a day was certainly a pleasant task. The road wound around the spur of a mountain whose steep, heatherclad sides towered above us on the right as we drove along. On the other side the mountain fell away, steeply still, till it reached the shore where the broad expanse of the Atlantic lay shimmering in the sun. We were bound for the little village called Springmount, where the local doctor's wife lay ill.

I had asked my parish priest if the illness were serious. He replied, as we often do in Ireland, by asking another question. "I suppose you know her?" he said.

I told him that I knew her well while she was still Eileen Foley; that she was in fact a distant cousin of mine, but that since her marriage, as she lived at Springmount at the other end of our parish, and as I was most of my time away at college in Dublin, I had scarcely ever seen her.

"Poor Eileen," the priest murmured, "one of the best wives a man ever had. She gave her young life to him and brought into his home one of the best gifts of Heaven, the love of a pure-hearted Irish girl. There are some girls that get married now-a-days," he continued (for he spoke freely to me, being, as he said, half a priest already) "and I fear they will bring very little blessing with them wherever they go. But with Eileen it was not so. I knew that when she stepped

across the threshold of her new home—that she would bring God's rich blessing with her and so she did. The first years of their married life were very happy. I often dropped in on them when I was working along that end of the parish and in the years before Eileen's health gave way it was a pleasure to see their house."

"I think Eileen would be a good housekeeper," I remarked.

"None better," he replied, "You could see her touch everywhere—in the dainty sitting-room, on the tea-table, in the trim flower garden before their house. And when the children came—there are four of them—few children were ever better cared for. She was, as I say, a model wife and yet—" a cloud came over the priest's face and a catch came into his voice as he concluded—"he broke her heart."

## II.

We had turned on the narrow mountain road that led down to where Springmount lay close to the seashore. The pony was mettlesome and the steeper the hill the more care he needed in driving. So he claimed all my attention, and the priest and I spoke no more till we drew up at the house where the doctor lived at the entrance to the village.

When Father McHugh had gone upstairs and I had given over the pony to the doctor's "boy," I entered the house and made my way to the sitting room. There I sat for a while looking idly through the open window and watching the seagulls as they darted up and down over the waves or, poising on graceful wings, searched with keen eyes the sea beneath.

Suddenly the door of the sitting room opened and Dr. Delaney entered. One glance was enough to show me that he was stupidly drunk.

I left him stretched on the sofa where I knew he would soon be fast asleep. Then, in response to a request sent me by the priest, I went upstairs to the patient's room. Father McHugh himself answered my knock at the door. "I told Eileen you were here," he said, "and she made me send for you. Don't speak to her very long or nurse will get angry." He turned round, nodded to the nurse and went out of the room. I approached the bed where the patient lay and was shocked by the change in her appearance since I had last seen her. She, who used to be a cheery, healthy-looking girl, now lay thin and pale and apparently very weak. "It was very good of you to come," she said with a



smile, "and I know that you will pray, now that you—know." I murmured some words of sympathy and the hope that she would soon be well again. "No," she replied, speaking slowly and with some difficulty, "I know there is no hope. But I am willing to die. I am prepared now—another time I might not be ready." I expressed the wish that God would yet spare her to the children. But she only answered: "I leave them to the care of Our Blessed Lady. She will be a better Mother to them than I ever was. You will pray for them, won't you?" I promised earnestly that I would. "And you won't forget *him*?" she pleaded, "he has a good heart, but—you know." The tears welled into her eyes. I could see too that she was exhausted. I took her hand in both mine intending to say something to console her but seeing her so suffering and weak, yet so brave too and fearless of death, my own eyes filled with tears and all I could say was: "God bless you, Eileen." And so I left her.

When I had gone out and closed the door I met the nurse who had been to fetch some draught for her patient. "Is there any hope?" I asked her. She shook her head. "What illness is it, precisely?" I asked again. "Well," she replied, "I fear I will make you a very unprofessional answer, but then you know something of the circumstances. She is being slowly murdered by her husband—by the drinking habits of that brute you saw downstairs just now. She bore up bravely for a long time, but when she saw all her hopes shattered it was too much for her. She lost heart and little by little her health went. Yes," the nurse continued, and I could see that she was very angry, "if her case were tried by a jury of honest men they would return a verdict of wilful murder."

When I got back to the sitting room I found the priest there with the maid and a few of the neighbors who had come in, and the four little children (the eldest was only about ten). "We were waiting for you," said Father McHugh as I entered, "we are going to begin a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and we want you to join us." We all knelt before that wonderful picture of the Mother of Sorrows with her sad eyes and her vision of pain. (A copy of it had been hung in the room and two candles and a little lamp had been lighted before it.) I knelt near the priest and seldom have I prayed as I then did.

During the drive home Father McHugh sat silent and pensive most



of the time. Once I said: "If Eileen dies I suppose it is true that a jury might return a verdict of 'murdered'?" He paused for a long while before answering. Then he said: "Murdered—I do not like that word. Say rather 'sacrificed.' In sacrifice there is a question of an offering, of prayer, of contact with God's mysterious Providence; in sacrifice there is hope."

Many a time since I have had reason to recall these words.

### III.

The climax of events in the drama of my poor cousin's life came quickly enough. Just on the ninth day of the Novena I received an urgent request from Father McHugh to drive him again to Springmount. This time the drive was different from the first one, for the day was wild and wet. Clouds came scurrying up from the horizon and rain-laden gusts swept in from the ocean. From the road as we drove along I could see heavy seas breaking over the carrig-na-caoire, a white ledge of rock that lay half a mile off the shore.

We found the maid waiting for us when the pony drew up steaming before the doctor's door. "You have not a moment to lose, Father," she said to the priest. Sure enough Father McHugh had been only a few minutes in the room when he sent for the children, some friends who were staying in the house and myself. The end was near. Poor Eileen was dying. A sad little procession we made as we hastened up the stairway; and then we knelt down while the priest recited the beautiful prayers of the Church for the agonizing. Just as the prayers were nearly ended the nurse, who had been kneeling at the bedside, turned around and whispered: "Dead." The end had come so quietly that we had not noticed it. In the silence that ensued I could hear the gusts of wind through the trees outside and the rain dashing against the windows and the sobs of many in the room.

After we had knelt a while in prayer for the dead, the priest came over to me and said: "I will speak to the children. Will you please see the doctor? Nurse says he is in the next room and is in a bad way." The doctor, when I found him, was in truth, "in a bad way." He was perfectly sober, but a more pitiable picture of remorse and despair I have never seen. He was kneeling by a table in the room, half reclining on it with his head resting on his arms. He turned to me as I entered with an anxious look of inquiry in his eyes. I nodded; and he knew. He lowered his head again on his arms and I could see his whole body

tremble. "All my doing," he murmured, "my poor Eileen whom I should have defended with my life—who gave herself to me at God's altar—sacrificed to my selfishness! Oh God, Oh God, pity me!" I drew near and tried to soothe him and asked of him if he would accompany me to see his wife in death. But he neither moved nor answered. He continued to repeat bitter self-reproaches. At length I went out, spoke a few words to the priest, and brought him back with me. When he saw how utterly unnerved the doctor was he went up to him and spoke very firmly: "Come now, doctor, this regret is useless. Bygones are bygones. You cannot undo the past." The doctor stood up. "What shall I do?" he asked. "I am going mad." "Come with me," the priest replied. The doctor made me a sign to assist him, and leaning on my arm, he followed Father McHugh into the room where poor Eileen's body lay. The nurse was just taking away the children. The other people had already left. We three were alone. Eileen looked very thin and white in death, but her face had a look of great peace, almost of joy.

"Come now, doctor," the priest said, "take the hand of your dead wife and promise that as long as you live you will never touch alcoholic drink again." The doctor hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. Then, throwing himself on his knees by the bedside, he took Eileen's hands in his and promised to end forever what had been the curse of his life.

He then kissed the hand he held and, as his lips touched it, the founts of grief were opened and the pent-up anguish of his heart found the relief of tears.

The priest nodded to me and going out we closed the door, and left him alone with the dead.

#### IV.

These things happened, as I have told you, some twelve years ago. A few months after they occurred I was ordained priest and left for the foreign missions. Since then I saw nothing of my native land till last year when I had a vacation at home. Needless to say one of the first evenings of my vacation was spent with my old parish priest.

"Do you know who was married here last week?" asked Father McHugh as we sat in an arbor in his garden after tea. Of course I did not know. "Sheila Delaney, the doctor's second daughter," he continued. "And she was well married—to a young lawyer from the

city—a fine fellow and a devoted Catholic." Then he added pensively: "How glad her mother would be had she lived."

"Well," I said, "I never prayed more fervently in my life than I did for her recovery. But our poor prayers were not heard."

The old priest looked out over the sea to where the sun was setting—a crimson orb enthroned in glory in the west. I was wondering what he was thinking of when he turned to me again and said: "Do you think our prayers were not heard? Look at what happened in the light of faith," he continued, "and see what answer came to our Novena. Eileen died and her soul is certainly happy with God in Heaven—with happiness beyond the imagining of man. The doctor has kept his promise to her. He leads a hard-working, useful life and is beloved by rich and poor alike. The children, who, I know, actually faced hunger and want in those bygone years, have been well cared for and well educated. The eldest daughter has been a real 'little mother' to them. I think somehow that all this was Heaven's answer to our prayers."

The old priest stood up and, taking a gold watch from his pocket, ticked open the cover of the works. "If I were a fool," he said, "I would consider this watch a piece of confusion; large wheels and small; slow and fast; some to the right and some to the left. But when I close the watch"—he suited the action to the word—"and look at the dial, I see the hands going around quietly and regularly, day and night, week in, week out; and then I know there is no confusion within. Some day when we see our lives from the right side, as God sees them, we shall see how the golden hands were moving around all the time. We shall see that neither our Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, nor Eileen's sacrifice was in vain."

"I recall," I said, "that you remarked on one occasion that she brought a blessing with her—"

"Yes," he interrupted. "She did. She saved the soul of her husband. Can human mind realize what the salvation of a soul means? Were she less spiritual I do not like to think of what would have happened. Her sacrifice was a victory where lives and values are tested at their worth. The blessing of Heaven was with her."

The rays of the setting sun flooded the arbor as he spoke, and as he stood there in the light, tall, thin, and white-haired, he seemed like some seer of old come back to visit the earth again.

In a far-away land I have many a time since watched the sun sinking down in the west. But often, though I look at the sunset, I do not see it. It brings before my mind the figure of an old priest standing—standing in a garden in Ireland; he has an open watch in his hand; and he is teaching a lesson of the wisdom of Heaven.

N. B.—For the benefit of our American readers we give the meaning of the word Gobodan—the name of the writer of the above story. Gobodan is Gaelic (Irish) for sandpiper, a bird on the order of the snipe and found in numbers along the coasts, east and west.

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### EIGHT DIGNITIES

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In an old book, printed in 1492, we find the following selection entitled: "Eight Dignities of Woman."

"Woman was formed from the side of man; man himself was made out of the slime of the earth.

"Woman was created in the earthly Paradise; man was created outside of that Paradise.

"The Son of God derived his human nature from Our Blessed Lady,—not from a man.

"No woman had a share in the death of the Saviour,—neither the wife of Pilate, nor any other woman.

"While Our Lord suffered, only women represented the Church: Mary, Magdalene and the rest.

"When Christ arose from the dead He appeared first of all to a woman.

"A Lady, immaculately pure, was alone lifted up to a dignity higher than the choirs of the angels.

"Woman was saluted by an angel in a way which no man ever knew."

But now, it would seem, many have forgotten about these dignities.

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If the Catholic Church had set up in this country the kind of Vatican that the Anti-Saloon League has set up at Washington and had collected the kind of Peter's Pence in this country that the League has collected, a mighty shout of protest would have ascended from one end of the American continent to the other.

—*Senator Bruce of Maryland in the N. Y. Times.*

## **Their Alma Mater**

M. H. PATHE, C.Ss.R.

Perhaps you are one of those hundred thousand in the land who have attended a Redemptorist mission, and heard the sweet message of love and mercy it brought to you. You have heard, too, the appeal of the pastor, at the close of the mission, relative to the collection, how that the money given to the Missionaries was to be used for the purpose of educating young men for the Order—young men who will later on take up the work when the present Missionaries have laid it down.

Or, perhaps you are one whose son or whose brother is now actually one of the young men of whom the aforesaid reference was made. Your boy is studying to be a Redemptorist. He has written home about the college, and much as you would like to see it for yourself circumstances unfortunately forbid this. Come and I will take you in spirit to St. Joseph's College, Kirkwood, Missouri.

Leaving St. Louis we travel west about fourteen miles. There, off the Big Bend Road you see a cross-topped group of buildings. On the gate by the road you read: "Redemptorist Fathers." As you enter let me tell you the story of other years.

On January 25th, 1888, Very Rev. William Loewekamp, then Superior of the St. Louis Province, purchased this eighty acres of property, till then known as the Cleveland estate. In our modern evaluation of real estate we can hardly understand how this splendid acreage changed hands to the very simple tune of twenty-three thousand dollars. Six months after the purchase, the first Community came to live there. The story of the sacrifices made by these pioneers I have often listened to from the lips of some of them who are still living. Some day this story will be worthily told by a more worthy pen than mine. Time brought many changes, and as the Redemptorist Order grew, St. Joseph's at last became its established preparatory seminary. From a two-story brick building it has now grown into a large, up-to-date college.

Here we are at the entrance to the building. To the left is the campus—more than sufficient room to accommodate one hundred and twenty red-blooded, athletic young fellows. That baseball diamond has produced Babe Ruths and Walter Johnsons in its day, and I tell you it has seen such "scraps" as would have made a Tyrus Cobb jealous.

And in the football season—soccer football—St. Joseph's team has proved more than a match for champion teams from St. Louis city. Back towards the Big Bend Road is the swimming pool—spacious and possessing every sanitary requirement. How the students patronize this in the summer time, and what thrilling hockey games are played there during the winter months! Beyond is the "Grove." Every Redemptorist Missionary you meet will tell you that the "grove" is intimately connected with the fondest memories of his Alma Mater. Near the "grove," under its soothing shelter, is the little graveyard where lie the heroes of the past. Read those names: Loewekamp, Brown, Distler, McGinn, Laffineur, Zeller, Smulders, Stehle—great priests, all of them; and side by side with them, those humble Lay Brothers, the hidden Saints of God's Church. Forever voices are rising from those graves to the boys in the campus yonder telling them to prepare well for the glorious mission before them. And I know that the boys hear the message of the dead, for I see them often kneeling there; and kneeling they pray, and praying they dream of the days that are to come.

Let us enter the college. These are the guest rooms. At prescribed times the students are allowed to have visitors, and if the weather keeps them within doors you see these rooms are both large and comfortable. Directly across the hallway is the Chapel. It is a Gothic structure. I have been in many chapels of many colleges, and I have no hesitation in saying that none ever inspired devotion like this. Also I want to tell you I have never seen a gathering of boys so devout and respectful as those boys of St. Joseph's, when they are kneeling here in common prayer. They seem to realize that this is the meaning of their presence here—to walk the long aisle that leads to the altar. Kneel and pray for them that their steps may never falter.

We are back in the hallway again, and incidentally at the point of separation between the two main parts of the building. This door to the right leads into the professors' section—that on the left to the college proper. I am at a loss what to say to you of these professors. If I give them their well-deserved measure of praise I know I will draw down upon my head their indignation. How shall I whisper to you that these young men are as brilliant as zealous, and as heart-and-soul in their work as any body of teachers in the land? Perhaps we better let the matter drop and turn our attention to the college.

The curriculum of studies is such as you may find in any first class American college, and lives up to all the requirements of the Church for her preparatory seminaries. But in St. Joseph's, in addition to all this, special efforts are made to train the young men in that spirit which will best fit them to become Redemptorist Missionaries. Between the professors and the students here there is an uncommon bond—the love of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer (C.Ss.R.) which both have in common. See what a large and well-ventilated study hall is this. That desk on the elevated platform? Oh yes, that's where the Prefect sits during study hours—for boys are only boys, you know. Above the study hall, on the second floor, is St. Clement's hall, a well-equipped auditorium. Here you see cleverly-staged plays from Shakespeare, as well as the latest comedies or you may listen to classical renditions of an orchestra, whose motto is: "There may be others, but there's none better." Here too, debates are frequently conducted, and young orators developed.

The classrooms, the recreation halls, the dormitories, if not elaborate in their furnishings, are yet neat, airy and spotlessly clean. The dining room is on the lower floor, and if you want to know what part that plays in the student's life you have only to look at their healthy, smiling faces, and their strong, vigorous bodies.

I should not spoil the good impression I have tried to give you by introducing a note of sadness. But it is a part of the whole story.

Those who are in charge of St. Joseph's are sorely worried in their efforts to meet their financial obligations. Their faith in God and the ability of some students to pay tuition and the help given by the Missionaries just about keep their heads above the water. There is sad need of further development, and a sadder need of the necessary funds. Let me give you an example. The college needs a gymnasium. No college is complete without this. On rainy days, the boys must stay indoors. Without a gymnasium they are forced to loiter about in the hallways, and the classrooms. You need not be well acquainted with college life to understand that such loitering is not good for the boys. Here each generation of students is begging the Fathers to procure a gymnasium for St. Joseph's. All the Fathers can do is to pray that God may send some kind benefactors who will hear the boys' request. An architect in St. Louis, a great friend of the college, has offered to erect a first class gymnasium at the mini-



num cost of twenty thousand dollars. A magnificent offer indeed, but—.

So this is St. Joseph's. The Redemptorists to whom you speak, or to whom you listen on the missions, love it. The Redemptorists in the parishes love it. 'Twas here, in boyhood, they all dreamed their dreams—dreams that are now gloriously fulfilled. 'Twas here they started to tread the altar's plush highway. 'Twas here, as from a mother, they learned their first lessons in charity and zeal. For this is their Alma Mater.

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### CHARITY ITS OWN REWARD

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I had occasion some time ago to speak with a prominent and successful business man about the various charities to which he was regularly contributing. He had just given a sum of two hundred dollars to a cause which he would probably never see during his lifetime. And since the charitable project which he was thus helping was nowhere near his home, it seemed strange to me that he should give such a large sum.

As we progressed in our talk he told me of the various causes he had helped; the various undertakings which he had sponsored in whole or in part; the many appeals made to him and to none of them did he ever turn a deaf ear. I was astounded, to say the least.

Further questioning on my part brought the answer to my main question: "How can you manage to do so much?"

"Father," he replied, "I have never yet given without being almost visibly rewarded on the same day. Take, for instance, this last donation of two hundred to ..... I was not sure that I had that much money in my personal account just then. I gave a check on the firm to be sure that the money would be paid out. When I returned to my office after this escapade, as you call it, I found an order for our goods which netted me the handsome profit of almost six hundred dollars. I consider that I was just four hundred ahead on the deal. In fact, Father, I'll tell you this secret: whenever my personal funds are the lowest—I am inclined to give the most. It always comes back and with interest."

The world would call him a fool. So do I. Only I add: A fool for God. And such folly has its own reward even in this life.



## An Irish-Jewish Idyll

E. JENNINGS, C.Ss.R.

Jules Sterneman rose from his seat on the concrete bridge base, and said, "Well, boys, I'm goin' home." It was ten o'clock. The shadowy figures that reflected the flickering flames of the fire looked at each other with wonder. All eyes watched the receding form as it disappeared in the darkness in the direction of Chouteau Avenue. There was a long pause. Flasks that had been exceedingly busy that night dropped to the ground. Their owners had suddenly lost interest. Then from the outer ring of the fireside group, from the black shadows of the bridge-approach, where the light of the flames did not reach, came the sound of a husky voice to break the oppressive silence, "Love is a funny thing."

Love is a funny thing.

Every night for months and months there had met under the approach of the Municipal, commonly known as the Free Bridge, an interesting group of youths whom the Melting Pot seemed unable to melt and fuse into the Body American. Every evening the dark shadows of the bridge approach had been disturbed by the lurid, fitful, gleams of a fire that was not half so lurid as the fiery talk of destruction, and of the oppression of men, and of the drastic efforts that were necessary and were inevitable to regain for the poor and oppressed man the rights that were his. Each evening in the dark recesses of fog and shadow down on the wet brick pavement of the levee hearts that were poisoned with hatred of society had unburdened themselves only to stir up new fire and new hatred in seething furnaces that may some day spread their flame to light up the shadows of mansion and apartment as well as bridges. Every night Jules Sterneman had been the guiding genius, the soul, the flaming torch of these meetings. Always the first on hand; he had always shown the most enthusiasm; he had always been the most determined some day to carry out those plans; he had always been the most stirring in his appeals to bring the oppressor down to the level of the oppressed; he had always been the most vociferous of the group in branding religion as a powerful instrument in the hands of the capitalist. He had said many fearful things about God's being an invention, a weapon to be

held over the heads of slaves to keep them in their degraded state. He, Jules Sterneman, had always been the last to leave the meeting.

A pious Jewish mother and an equally pious Jewish father had been unable to keep Jules from the dangerous and reckless course he had set for himself. They had pleaded with him night after night to stay with them in the mean tenement that they called home, but he had always turned his handsome face to them with a smile, kissed them, and dashed down the stairs into the night. Just as he reached the street door, he would shout, "Do not stay up for me, papa." He always went to the meetings.

But love is a funny thing.

Jules was losing interest in the meetings. For a week now he had been coming late. He had little to say, and his answers to questions put to him on tenets of anarchy in which he was specially versed, had met with only half-hearted responses. Tonight, however, had seen the climax of this change of conduct. He had left at ten o'clock, whereas he rarely left before midnight. "Skinny" Fraser—he of the husky voice—was right. Love is a funny thing.

Not all in the group were inclined to agree with Fraser. There was much discussion of Jules' conduct. Sid Kolman, however, seemed to voice the opinion of the majority at the meeting when, raising his bulk of a figure and looking like a gigantic ape as he stood silhouetted against the dancing light of the fire, he spat from the side of his mouth, and growled:

"There's no use gettin' fired up over this. I ain't denyin' that some skirt ain't got hold of the kid. But don't get it into your noodle that Juley ain't too hard-boiled to fall for any dame, and that's that."

Whether Kolman's dogmatic and final decision was plausible or not, it remained that Jules Sterneman was still seen in the company of Annie Murray, and that he accompanied her in her errands of mercy and charity to the poor. It still remained true that Jules found more and more delight in merely being of some use about the Murray story of the Seventh Street tenement. It also remained true that Jules Sterneman had forgotten to a great extent the rights of the oppressed and the tyranny of the capitalist. Somehow the wrong that religion was doing to humanity, especially the humanity that clustered about the piers of the Free Bridge, ceased to trouble him to the extent of waxing warm in words at the meetings under the shadows of that

huge, gaunt structure of steel and concrete. At the meetings he was quiet and indifferent; away from the meetings he forgot the tenets that had fired him and possessed his soul these many years. Annie Murray had a strong hold on Jules Sterneman.

Annie Murray cannot be called "The Angel of the Levees," or "The Rose of Seventh Street," or "The Queen of the Tenements," or by any appellation like these. If one were to call her by such a name he would have a hard storm of red hair, a fast left, and a wicked right to contend with. Annie Murray was Irish and singularly lacking in sentiment. She hated poetry and poets. She hated soft-voiced sheiks. She had been brought up in an intensely real world, a world that offered little time for sweet musings, a world that was real in its requirements, a world where sorrows and trials were so real and so common that they came as a matter of course and left as a result upon their victims what fire leaves upon steel, a hard and true temper, a ringing genuineness.

Annie Murray had opened her eyes for the first time upon a world of misery and suffering and poverty. She had never known any other world. Therefore, she had never spent much time in searching for reasons, the why and the wherefore of the state of things. She only knew that those who suffered needed relief. She had learned from the lips of Father Pierce, the padre of the levees, that the Christ Whom she had come to know at the little church of the Bridge had an especial love for just such as these, the poor and the sick and the sorrowful, and that what she would do for man she would do for that Christ. Her reasoning was simple, almost unconscious. Her smile, and her conduct, and her charity became a part of the daily life of the levees. Her visits came as naturally as the light of morning. No one thought of Annie Murray as a heroine or a saint. She and her good deeds were taken for granted. The greatest heroes and the greatest saints, and their deeds are invariably taken for granted by no one more than by the heroes and the saints themselves. "Annie Murray," as a crossing watchman put it, "was a character."

There glowed in the heart of no American as intense a love of America and what it stands for as in the heart of this red-headed Irish-American girl. Hero worship for her was centered about the two-fisted men that made the America she loved possible for her. Love of America in her was a passion. It showed itself in her little

celebrations organized for the youngsters of the neighborhood in Father Pierce's hall. There for days amid oceans of flag and bunting she would prepare for the day—be it Washington's birthday, or Flag Day—when young Morino would tell of the “bigga da man, Georga da Wash,” and “de redda de white and de bloo”; when little Gertie Gresher with her face having the unusual experience of being clean would call upon “England and yuh France and yuh Italy and yuh Rooshia” to behold a “free and gloryus Republic, America.” A fantastic patriotism you will say, perhaps. But a truer and more sincere patriotism than that which glows and flourishes amid the new thought and American culture that sits at tea cups, and discourses upon the right of the Nordic to dominate America. For on the levees of St. Louis flourishes a vital democracy, a democracy that is real, and therefore a democracy that can beget true Americans—new thought and culture to the contrary notwithstanding.

When a man who denied the very right of religion and government to exist falls in love with a girl to whom religion and country are life, things are bound to happen. For love is a funny thing.

“Where to, tonight, red-head?”

“Why, to the padre's, Booby.”

This could be heard every night as two figures left the doorway of the Seventh Street tenement with baskets slung from their arms and with the unmistakable joy of youth in light banter and laughter.

“Well, where do we go from the padre's?”

“Tonight it's Betty Kertin's. Step on it, kid.”

Jules, who tossed barrels of flour from landing to truck and from truck to landing down at the Judson Grocery Company, was not given to moralizing and maundering. Not that Jules did not have thoughts and emotions, the thoughts even and the emotions of great men, but he was not wont to analyze them, or pause to ponder over them. He left self-interpretation to action. He was of that tough breed that made America. Perhaps that is why he appealed to the little patriotic maiden at his side.

Tonight, however, he seemed to find himself in a strange country. He found himself for once in his life wondering whither he was tending. What strange spell, what subtle but nonetheless powerful charm had this girl case over him to draw him unconsciously but surely away from habits of thought and life that had become a very part of him?

This strange girl, a member of every family, a mother to every little one in the whole Sixth Street district, an angel of mercy to every toothless granny for blocks around, had brought him with her on her journey through life, and strangest thing of all, she was making him like it.

"Look out, hayseed. Look where you're goin'. You're in the city now." Annie pulled him back from the path of an approaching Packard.

Just a glimpse at those within. Just a dim, hazy picture of raccoon coats and flashing diamonds. What a change! There was a day when that sight would have stirred up a raging fire of wrath within him. Strange! Tonight he pitied them that they knew not the needs that would bring Annie to their side.

But there was still that hatred of an institution called government that made some men rich and made other men poor. He still hated that machine that came into his life in the guise of the policeman's shield and night stick. Even now the old hate came back to him as he thought of the power that resided in the man with gold in his hand to sway the destinies and the fates of millions like himself. There could be no good in an institution that had shown so many signs of corruption. Juley hated the government.

Down between lines of box-cars to the door of Betty Kertin's shanty. He looked at the wretched hovel and again cursed the government under his breath. Some poor; some rich. The government was to blame. Annie opened the door that groaned on its hinges and seemed lazily to settle away from its responsibility of holding guard over the tumbled-down shack of Betty Kertin.

Came the shrill voice of a broken down shell of humanity.

"There you are, honey. There you are. I knew you were comin' tonight. Sure I think the good, holy Mother of God herself tould me you were comin'. Annie, dear, it's lonesome and sad I'm feelin' tonight and these many nights. I can't help it, Annie. I can't help it. There's my poor little Joie over in that terrible war."

What Jules Sterneman saw then he never forgot. He saw this wonderful girl stoop down and place her arms about the withered form of this old, haggard woman. He saw this girl, Annie Murray, kiss this poor cast-off. Who cared for Betty Kertin? Who cared about this old woman living down here in the railroad yards, lonesome and for-

gotten? The gang under the bridge could wax eloquent over down-trodden humanity, but what did down-trodden humanity mean to them? In this picture, this living picture before him, he saw it all. Annie had told him that her religion taught her all this. Then religion was the one hope, the one cure for such as Betty Kertin.

He heard Annie murmuring sweet words into the ears of the old woman. "Now, Betty dear, don't you get to frettin'. You got your Annie. Haven't you?"

"Yes, honey, and I thank God for that. But why must my poor boy go over to a strange country and fight in that terrible war?"

"You should be proud of him, Betty. You should be proud of him. Just think, he's doing what Washington and Phil Sheridan did. He is like the big men, the men that are worth something."

Her eyes were glowing with a holy fervor.

"He's fightin' for his country, Betty, and I'm proud of him for it."

Jules was silent for a long time, and so was Annie as they walked down through the yards that night on their way home. At length Jules broke the silence.

"You said some nice things about Joe Kertin, Annie. I'd like to hear you say that about me."

"Well, then, foolish, go and do what Joie did."

For a moment Jules was at a loss for words. Annie not only always did the unexpected; she sometimes said the unexpected.

The old feeling, however, was not long in bringing to his tongue hot words about crooked politicians and money kings and paltry puppets who went by the name of President.

"You want me to go and fight other human beings, to slay and kill and maim for profiteers and slave-drivers. You want me to go and give the best years of my life for that rich man's benefit society called the United States Government."

There was fire in the eyes of Annie Murray as she looked into Juley's eyes. "So that's what's eatin' you? You're on the bottom, and you're sore. If you don't like the country that gives you three squares a day and a bed at night, why don't you and your bridge gang move to some island, and run things the way you like them. Let me tell you this, Juley Sterneman, better men than you have built this country, and better men than you are fightin' for it now. If that's true, this country is worth fightin' for. If you think for a minute —"

She was interrupted when Juley laid his huge hand upon her arm and drew her back into the shadow of a box-car. Through half-closed eyelids he was watching a group out under the street lamp.

"The Rush Street gang at their dirty work again," he growled. "They've got the cop that squealed on them."

Five masked men had a struggling policeman in their grasp, and were dragging him to a waiting machine. One had shoved a gag into the officer's mouth. They were moving swiftly but quietly.

"Stand back, Annie, and I'll rush 'em."

Before Annie could answer, Jules was upon the assailants. Two were tossed aside as though they were mere bags of coffee at the Judson Grocery landing. Another was stretched on the ground by a blow behind which Jules has put the whole of his 190 pounds. The attention of the gangsters having been diverted to Jules, the policeman had been able to snatch the gag out of his mouth. Then he blew his whistle. The shrill blast resounded and reverberated through the murky canyons and narrow divides formed by the tall, gaunt, dirty buildings of the East Side. Soon it was answered. From Eighth, from Broadway, and from the Bridge came piercing shrieks of other whistles, and in a moment the weird wail of the siren on the night-rider's car. The gangsters fled.

Again Jules and Annie walked down without a word. At last there was a faint laugh and Annie turned mischievous eyes on Juley.

"What's so funny?"

"Say, you're the poorest hater of the government I ever saw. You fought for that cop as if he were your dearest brother."

Annie did say unexpected things, but they always had a point.

"I get you, kid, but wouldn't this be a nice district if we let them gun-pullers run this town?"

"Righto! Righto! boy, and wouldn't this be a swell company if we let you and your Bridge gang have their way?"

Annie had again scored and given Juley pause.

"I see what you mean, Annie. But tolerating a government and fightin' for it are two different things.—I think I can do more good doin' what we are doin' tonight and all these nights."

"Maybe, maybe.—But if you're goin' to keep on doin' what we did tonight and all these nights, from now on you do it alone."

"Why, what, what, wh—— do you mean?"



"Why,—just this,—that tomorrow I leave for Chicago."

"What!—What are you goin' to do in Chicago?"

Annie was enjoying this. She laughed as she said, "I am goin' to take a train to New York, and what am I goin' to do then? I'm goin' to take a boat to France. That's what I'm goin' to do."

"What does this mean?"

"It simply means that I'm a Red Cross nurse and that I'm goin' tomorrow."

Again Juley had lost. Again the unexpected had come. Say, this girl was interesting. Things were exciting when she was around.

Juley smiled and looked into Annie's face, "Well, kid, I guess you win.—I'll go with you."

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### A LESSON

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"There was no improper talk where he was." Those were the words of praise that were recently uttered at the coffin of a young man. One who knew him well paid him this tribute:

"He could not bear to listen to anything impure and never hesitated to show that it offended him. He kept his own mind clean. To all women he was a high-minded gentleman. Instinctively they trusted him. The look out of his clear eyes was open and innocent. There were no bad thoughts back of those eyes. He influenced for good every one who knew him. He avoided the occasions of sin. He was fond of innocent pleasure and was always cheerful, but his gaiety was no softness. He had the grit to fast in Lent and to get up out of bed and go to Mass every morning. He was a practical Catholic. He went to Holy Communion often, but made no parade of his virtues, and only his very intimate friends found him out. To others he was only a pleasant acquaintance, a neat, clean, ambitious fellow, who was noted for the choice of the company he kept."

We have met them—young men of this kind. And everywhere it was the same. They were loved by all who knew them; they were respected by those with whom they came into daily contact. And many is the sin they prevented by their very presence in mixed company.

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Peace is the dwelling of God in and the habitual possession of all our desires; and it is too grave and quiet even for a smile.



# Catholic Anecdotes

## A CHILD'S READING

When the Venerable Theophane Venard was a child of nine, he was wont to pasture his father's goats on a beautiful hillside called "Le Bel Air." Here he would gather round him his sister and play-mates and they would sing or read books which they had borrowed from the village parish priest.

Among these books, the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," with its stories of the foreign missions, had the greatest charm for the little boy. One day he was reading aloud to his companions the life of the Venerable Charles Cornay, whose martyrdom for the faith was then recent. The account of the sufferings and death of this martyr for Jesus Christ touched him even to tears, so that at the end he cried out:

"And I too will go to Tong-king, and I too will be a martyr."

Shortly afterwards his father joined the little group, and Theophane turning to him with a gravity unusual at his age, said:

"My father, how much is this field worth?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, my child," replied the father. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," the boy answered, "if you could give it to me, and I could have it for my share, I would sell it, and then I could go to college and study."

His father, surprised at such serious thoughts in one so young, put him off with some simple answer. But he thought the matter over and finally sent him to college. The boy became a missionary to China and died a martyr.

## HAD I KNOWN

"Had I known"—is not that the phrase often upon your lips when you find that someone whom you thought unfriendly to you, really meant no harm at all? A very striking case in point is given by the

duel between Commodore Stephen Decatur and Captain James Barron in 1820.

Barron was in England when the War of 1812 started; he did not return to America until the war was over. He gave no reason. But he sought reinstatement into the Navy. Decatur, thinking Barron a coward, bitterly opposed it. According to the custom of the time they concluded to decide their quarrel by a duel.

It was fought at Bladensburg. Both men fell, and so close to each other, that their heads almost touched, as they lay on the ground in a dying condition.

"Everything," said Barron, "has been conducted in the most honorable manner, and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"Barron," replied Decatur, "we both, I believe, are about to appear before God. I am going to ask you one question. Answer it, if you feel inclined. Why did you not return to America upon the outbreak of hostilities with England?"

In a whisper that only one of the seconds caught, Barron said:

"Decatur, I will tell you what I expected never to tell a living man. I was in an English prison for debt."

"Ah, Barron," exclaimed Decatur, "had I known that—had any one of your brother officers known that—the purse of the service would have been at your disposal, and you and I would not have been lying here today."

"Had I known that you felt thus," replied Barron, "we would have no cause to be here."

Decatur died; Barron after months of suffering recovered.

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### IS A CHANGE AHEAD?

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"Years ago Roger Babson made a chart on which one wavy line represented national prosperity and the other wavy line showed church membership. It was decidedly interesting. When money rolls in too easily and too long, men drift away not only from their churches, but from hard work and simple living; they form extravagant tastes; they take long chances.

"The comes the panic. Their easy wealth exaporates. They clear their lives of rubbish and start in again on the sound basis of economy, worship and work."—*Bruce Barton in N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

When will the pendulum swing?

# Pointed Paragraphs

## NEW YEAR

Happy New Year! With all the Christian world we greet each of our readers at the beginning of the year of the Lord, 1928.

And while we repeat the age-old greeting and wish, we realize the full import of the word "happy."

Happy homes: with hearts bound together by love and affection, sealed with the presence of God in each, and sharing the tenderness and perpetual help of Our Lady;

Happy Hearts: free from sin by the grace of God, and hallowed and brightened by the frequent presence of Jesus in them in Holy Communion;

Happy labors: undertaken day by day for love of God, blessed by Him, carried on under His fatherly eyes and under the protection of Mary;

Happy trials: whose tears but serve to make joy blossom the brighter,—which draw trusting hearts closer, by drawing all nearer to God, and bring the joy of victory;

Happy play: that does not sully your hearts or lower your self-esteem,—that makes you feel the true gayety of your Faith,—and strengthens you for the serious work of life;

Happy prayers: when close to God, in intimate companionship with Mary, the angels of heaven and the Saints, the world fades away for a while, and you are perfectly at peace with one who understands and loves you more tenderly than ever human heart can.

Happy New Year!

## SUCCESS

The story of the Eucharistic Congress of Chicago has just appeared. It is a book that should be accessible to all. In its pages are hidden real treasures of Catholic thought.

I cannot help quoting, as an instance, the following words from an

address delivered by the Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell, LL.D., Senator from Louisiana:

"To achieve spiritual success in spite of our inherent weakness demands much of human nature. Man must needs therefore turn elsewhere for guidance and aid, and where can he better find strength to battle and will to conquer, than from the frequent reception of the Blessed Eucharist? . . .

"The reception of Our Lord in Holy Communion seems to approach nearer than aught else to a promise of eternal salvation. 'He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up on the last day.' It is necessary, especially for the lay Catholic, to keep in constant touch with Christ, and be strengthened by His divine presence. 'Without me you can do nothing, with Me you can do all things.' And although the gift of final perseverance until death cannot be guaranteed by any or all of our actions, however pure and heroic, or however long continued they may be, nevertheless, there seems to be a divine promise implied in the words of Our Lord: 'He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in Me and I in him.' 'As the living Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me.'"

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### SUNLIGHT

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Another little gem from the address of Senator Ransdell at the Eucharistic Congress deserves to be quoted:

"As a layman, I see the Eucharist doing for the soul what the hand of God the Father has done for material nature. From the touch of that Hand the grasses grow, the flowers bloom, the fields give forth their teeming harvests, and the heavenly bodies move in the azure blue. Without it the whole universe would crumble into the nothingness from which it sprang. And so it seems to me that the Eucharist, like the Creator's touch in nature, is the divine touch of the soul, uniting humanity with divinity in sacramental union, elevating, inspiring, energizing, beautifying, so that the world within us is poised, moved and perfected according to the destiny which God has planned.

"From it the soul receives health and strength, and like the athlete runs for the prize; from it there is born wisdom and counsel, and knowledge of the proper values of life; from it the duties of citizenship are better understood and performed; and from it comes social

and civic success from which arises knowledge of eternal values, inspiration towards them, graces to attain them, and moral victory.

"Thus through the Eucharist, notwithstanding our limitations and weaknesses, the soul goes on with a courage born of the companionship of the divine, never faltering, never surrendering, persevering to the end."

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### EVERYBODY ELSE

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"Everybody seems queer but thee and me," the old Quaker is supposed to have said to Friend Wife; "and even thee is a bit queer at times."

This aptly expresses the attitude of most mortals. Everybody else is queer; it's only ourselves who are 100 per cent sane.

It is good to remember this little trick of our "self;" it will help to smoothe out many a wrinkle in our lives as well as in our faces.

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### A CO-ED SLANT

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Some time ago a religious survey was held at Northwestern University. As commented upon in the New York World, it does not seem to have been very reassuring.

It was not confined to the weaker sex; but it was the young woman who answers were most heavily freighted with flippancy and ignorance. "Why worry," was the note struck by many. "When we feel we need religion, we'll use it."

On the whole, according to the New York World correspondent, the survey brought out the following facts:

- 1) The attitude toward religion on the part of the majority of students, is "frankly indifferent;"
- 2) The professors do not, as a rule, encourage "the proper attitude toward religion;"
- 3) Many college courses, especially those in the social science group tend to break down religion."

"Northwestern University is typical of American colleges today," writes a senior. "Most of the students are simply not interested in religious affairs."

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Man was made to mourn and some think they must spend all their time at it.

### THE FOUNDATION OF CHARACTER

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Dean Clark, of the University of Illinois, addressing a body of Catholic students, said:

"The foundation of moral character is religion. The surest guarantee of moral rectitude is a strong faith in God. The character that lacks that solid bedrock for a foundation, rests upon the unstable and shifting sands of human caprice.

"That is why I, as an official of the State University, encourage every student to hold fast to his religious faith during his days at the University. For if he suffered his faith in God to be wrecked, he would lose the most potent influence for right living and for the development of human character that exists in the world today.

"You Catholic students should hold fast to your religious faith, and should practice it conscientiously during your school days at Illinois. By so doing you will be better students of the University and better citizens of the State."

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### GOOD JUDGMENT

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"The vulgar mind fancies that good judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve."

Do you show good judgment?

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### GOOD STRATEGY

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A Philadelphia layman, writing in the correspondence column of America, tells of an incident with a good lesson.

"Being from time to time offended," he writes, "by half-sneering puns by those not of the faith, when, on Fridays at luncheon, after everyone else had ordered roast beef, I asked firmly but gently for fish, I decided to offset such remarks in future.

"I chose the time, as any good tactician would do, when another Catholic was present. Here we were amid six others, and I called cross the table to my Catholic friend,—“Today is Friday, isn't it?” He answered in the affirmative, and I asked what was on the menu in the fish line. All those present were attentive, and seemed to be expecting a Weber and Field dialogue. Instead of this however, we

explained in a very detailed way, the 'why' of abstinence from meat on Friday.

"Here is a Catholic practice which most of us believe is fully understood by non-Catholics, but such is not the case. What they do believe in relation to this practice I do not know; but they seemed enlightened by the little explanation that we made."

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### THE CHINAMAN'S ANSWER

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A story is told of two soldiers who were decorating the grave of a fallen comrade. They were arranging flowers on it. Nearby they noticed a Chinaman covering the grave of a departed friend with rice. The two soldiers smiled indulgently upon the Oriental and began to make merry over the way in which he showed honor to the departed.

"When do you think your friend will come up to eat the rice you are sprinkling about?" they asked.

"When yours comes up to smell the flowers," was the Chinaman's reply.

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### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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"I have received so many favors through my devotion to our dear Mother of Perpetual Help this past year that I feel obligated to make this public announcement in THE LIGUORIAN so that others may read and that I can aid in spreading the devotion for her greater honor and glory.

"Every day I can see more and more how my prayers for a special intention have been answered and are still being heard. I kindly ask you, if you can spare the space in THE LIGUORIAN, to publish my great reward through my devotion to the Mother of Perpetual Help. I know she will also hear the prayers of others who will confide and trust in her."—Chicago.

"Enclosed find cashier's check for \$5.00 for which please say Masses in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the Poor Souls. This is in thanksgiving for a favor granted: the satisfactory outcome of a lawsuit. In gratitude to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.—Sincerely, C. F., Chicago.



# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help THE STORY OF PERPETUAL HELP

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

But perhaps the greatest argument for the popularity of this Picture can be deduced from the examples of the Sovereign Pontiffs themselves. They, as the official teachers and instructors of the Faith, may well serve as models for our imitation.

The Very Reverend Fr. Nicholas Mauron asserts of Pius IX: "He venerated this sacred Image with such a special devotion that he wished to have it in his private oratory; that he condescended to be the first to have his name inscribed in the Archsodality, just then (March 31, 1876) established; and that he was always extremely delighted whenever any of those countless pictures, now dispersed throughout the world, were brought to him to be blessed." When this same Pontiff was asked by the Catholic inhabitants of the Russian city of Zitimir to send them one of the most popularly venerated pictures in Rome, he selected of his own accord a copy of our miraculous Picture.

Of Leo XIII Fr. Matthias Raus wrote on July 22, 1903: "He venerated the Blessed Virgin Mary of Perpetual Help with an extraordinary piety. He wished the picture to be kept constantly on his writing desk, so that he might never lose sight of it." On May 3, 1902, he presented the Missionaries of the Assumption, who were about to set out for Bulgaria, with a precious ornamented tablet, faithfully portraying the Mother of Perpetual Help, and also a standard having a similar design.

Pius X, in 1908, sent this picture as a gift, artistically wrought in mosaic, to the Empress Taitou of Abyssinia. And on January 29, 1914, he granted an indulgence of 100 days, *toties quoties*, for the ejaculation: Mother (or Our Lady) of Perpetual Help, pray for us.

Benedict XV not only wished a duplicate of this Picture placed above his throne, but also during the Jubilee Year of 1916, out of love for the Blessed Virgin of Perpetual Help, ordered a special medal struck, bearing on one side our Image, and on the other his own effigy.

Finally Pius XI, now gloriously reigning, wished the same venerable picture to serve as an ornament on a little book, published in 1922 by the Vatican Press, for the benefit of the starving children of Russia, and, likewise, that it be the seal of the "Pontifical Mission" appointed for Russia.

In view of these facts we cannot but admit with Fr. Henze, C.Ss.R., whose book, "*Mater de Perpetuo Succursu*," scientifically written in the Latin language and published in 1926, I have taken for the basis of this Story of Perpetual Help, and many others, that "the Picture of Perpetual Help is now not only in each and every particular country, but throughout the world at large, the most popular of all Mary's pictures."

Hence we may fittingly ask, What is the cause of this world-wide popularity? To answer this question exactly we would have to know the secret and hidden designs of Divine Providence, who disposes all things according to His own desires. But, in our own little human way, we shall present a few reasons that may throw some light upon the subject. Perhaps the chief reason is to be sought in its miraculous power, for scarcely is there a shrine where its wonders are unknown. Then, too, we see a reason in its profound appeal to the human heart. The human heart seeks love: there it has it in Jesus and Mary. It begs strength in temptation: there it finds it in the sufferings of the Infant Savior. It needs consolation in sorrow: there, too, it beholds a compassionating Mother. And lastly some of its glory must be ascribed to its beautiful title of Perpetual Help. In these two words we find a shield of defense in every emergency; a sword for every battle in life.

Such being the case, who will not admit that such a wonderful Picture merits careful study and attentive consideration? Such study and consideration will be of immense benefit not only in instilling a deeper love and veneration in our own hearts for the Mother of Perpetual Help, but it will be especially beneficial to those whose duty it is to sow the seed of this devotion in the hearts of the faithful. To this end, therefore, under the guidance and inspiration of our Mother of Perpetual Help, may this and the following papers serve.

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Thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for a successful goitre operation. Although a little weak yet, I am sure she will help me to get well again.—B. W., Chicago.

## Catholic Events

President Calles having quelled political opposition for the time being with firing squads, is resuming with a vengeance his bloody persecution of Catholics, as was predicted. A virtual campaign of extermination has been decreed in the States of Jalisco, Aguascalientes and Zacatecas, where Catholics have evaded the anti-religious laws. Concentration camps to which noncombatants are forced to go, abandoning their homes, have been decreed, and the pitiable device of burning whole towns is again resorted to, according to reports of the N. C. W. C. News Service. At least four regiments of Mexico City troops have been dispatched to the three States to reinforce already heavy troop contingents there, and the campaign is now being waged like a small war. General Escobar, perhaps Calles' most trusted military commander, has been put in charge with instructions not to relent until all opposition has been exterminated.

Meanwhile Calles exhibits to his American visitors his prowess as a bull-fighter and his social graces as an entertainer!

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A series of eight letters which, taken together, are a remarkable revelation of actual conditions in Mexico today, has just come into the hands of the N. C. W. C. News Service.

Each of the letters was written in Mexico, and the writers range from a Bishop in hiding, to fugitive parish priests recounting events to their exiled Bishops, and laymen who are courageously carrying on the work of the Church in the absence of the clergy. They are from different parts of the Republic, and deal with varying phases of life as it is now lived in Mexico.

Taken as a whole, this group of letters tells a story of persevering and even intensified Catholicity, recounting secret Masses, Communion, Confessions and Baptisms, and telling of furtive religious gatherings that at times reach 1,500 in numbers. How little children fast that the persecution may be lifted, is one of the touching incidents told. Everywhere, intense loyalty to Bishops and priests, even though in exile, is attested.

At the same time, Calles' dark deeds of persecution and bloodshed are told by persons on the spot—the hanging of a priest, the shooting of a Sister Superior, the turning over of nuns to the soldiers, the burning of whole villages, and concentration camps even more ruthlessly decreed than those in Cuba which roused the United States to arms.

There are likewise glimpses of the desperate economic situation into which Calles' policies have driven Mexico.

Meanwhile Calles disports with bulls and enjoys the witticisms of his American guests.

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In one of these letters we read: "The idea of setting aside a week for penance has been well received. There were during the week many public prayers, pilgrimages and fastings. School children fasted or ate their food without salt, and the people voluntarily imposed on themselves all kinds of privations.

"Equally great was the devotion manifested on the feast of Christ the King. It is said that at Guadalupe, 500,000 persons visited the church that day, thus showing how untruthful is the assertion of the Minister of Gobernacion when he says that the spirit of religion in our country is dead.

"In the outlying districts and States, martyrdoms and assaults continue. It seems that the soldiers of the Federal Government have no other mission here today than that of torturing an unhappy people...."

\* \* \*

Another letter is from a priest in hiding; in it we read: "Ever since the 24th of September, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, I have had not a moment of leisure. On that day, I distributed Holy Communion to approximately 400 persons, and had the joy of having the Blessed Sacrament exposed throughout the day and of seeing it visited by approximately a thousand persons. On the Feast of the Archangel St. Michael, we had a similar celebration.

"On the Feast of the Archangel St. Raphael, I was able to gather at least 1,500 people in an open field, and distributed Holy Communion to 800 of them.

"I keep up this labor every Saturday and continue throughout the night. I assure you I am tired out when Sunday morning comes. On week days I am busy with the children. There are about 160 of them, and as the day for examinations is approaching, I spend the entire day with them.

"I must not forget to tell you that on the Feast of Christ the King, I spent the vigil with 500 men in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament...."

\* \* \*

In still another letter, a person in Mexico City, writing to a Mexican friend in exile in the United States, tells, as an eye-witness, a story of a strange scene at the national shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, near the capital:

"Last Saturday the victorious troop returned from Vera Cruz. They were passed in review by the President of the Republic, and I am told, but did not see it, that they carried banners with the words: 'Death to the traitors!' and 'Death to the Friars!'

"That day I was not able to go to the shrine of Guadalupe, but put my visit off to the 13th, which was Sunday. I was surprised when I left the house to find the streets filled with soldiers who, in company with their families, were marching toward the shrine. Arriving, I found the Shrine looking like a military fortress, full of soldiers, who entered the temple, walking on their knees right up to the altar rail. They and their families carried flowers, and, as is the custom, lighted candles in their hands. These groups prayed aloud and sang hymns

of thanksgiving, not for the success of the campaign, but because they had returned uninjured from it. . . . They had thrown away the banners which, I am told, they carried the day before...."

\* \* \*

The explanation of this strange scene, indeed, may be found in another letter, written by a pious Catholic lady to a woman friend. She writes:

"We are told that in the Capital people are suffering from want. So many employees have been dropped. Even here there are families that do not have the necessities of life and who pass entire days without eating.

"It is to this poverty and misery that is due the fact that whenever recruits for the Army are sought, more men than are needed apply, because in the army they will have food.

"Everyone who can is preparing to leave for the United States, and it is to this misery that the excessive emigration is to be traced. Another fact worth noticing is that those who are emigrating are the workers, and not the idlers nor the vicious...."

\* \* \*

Still another letter brings this evidence: "During the last days of October, the authorities prohibited the opening of the Church before nine in the morning, and thus many men and women were compelled to perform their morning acts of devotion in the open.

"One day, early in the morning, an anti-religious committee, accompanied by an armed guard, arrived and ordered all those who were praying to appear in court at nine in the morning. They all obeyed, and more than 500 gathered at the hour set. They were brave but respectful, and defended themselves and their rights and succeeded in obtaining permission to worship God freely even outside the inclosure of the church building."

\* \* \*

Trustworthy reports bring the following story:

Among the prisoners taken by Federal troops at an encounter near Parras, was a boy of thirteen.

The heroism he showed while fighting with the Catholic liberators, evoked admiration even from Calles' soldiers.

"You are a brave lad," they said; "come with us and there will be a future for you."

But the boy pointing to the rosary and crucifix on his breast, replied: "You fight for a man, but I fight for my God. Viva Cristo Rey! Live Christ the King!"

The soldiers fired and the young martyr went to his reward.

\* \* \*

At the 22nd annual meeting of the Catholic Church Extension Society at which thirty members of the American Hierarchy were present, it was revealed that the sum of \$1,147,299 was collected in the last fiscal year through the medium of the Society, for the home missions in the United States and its dependencies.

# Some Good Books

*Venerable Vincent Palotti, Modern Apostle and Mystic.* By Rev. J. De Maria, P.S.M. Price, .....

The Pallotine Fathers are now laboring in several dioceses, and it is very desirable that we have an account of their founder and work. In sixty pages the author gives us a very good idea of both. What he has to say of the Venerable Father Palotti and his connection with the restoration of the Hierarchy in England and Cardinal Newman's "Second Spring," make us long to know more about him.

The initials P.S.M., stand for "Pious Society of the Missions."

*Assignments and Directions in the Study of Religion: The Sacraments.* By Sister Mildred, O.S.F., Ph.D. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, in copybook style, 30 cents; introduction price to schools, 21 cents.

The sub-title fully explains this booklet to all familiar with modern teaching methods. "The Child's Companion Book to Rev. William Kelly's 'Our Sacraments.'" One of the chief aims of modern teaching is to interest the pupil in personal work; that is what Sister Mildred has very well tried to do for the child studying religion.

*"Follow Me." A Spiritual Retreat Scripture.* By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.Ss.R. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The book is an adaptation from "The Sacred Scriptures Reduced to Meditations," by Nicholas Paulmier, S.J.—a Latin work of the seventeenth century.

It was a happy thought that made Father Geiermann give us this book. The words of the Scriptures and especially the words of Our Lord make the strongest appeal to the heart. For a retreat hardly anything better can be placed in one's hands than such a book. Here we are not listening to the wisdom of men, but to God Himself.

Perhaps an advantage was missed when all references to the Books of Scripture were omitted.—A. T. Z.

*Carmel. Its History, Spirit, and Saints.* By the Discalced Carmelites of Boston and Santa Clara. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price: Cloth, \$3.00; paper, \$1.50.

The Order of Carmel is one of the most illustrious orders in the Church, not only because of its ancient origin, making it a witness of the past—but also of the part it has played through the ages in the life of the Church and the world.

It is a distinct blessing that books such as this be made accessible to Catholic readers. We learn the history of the Order, the spirit of the order, the rule of the order, the extent of the order, and are given an idea of some of its saints and scholars.

In the short sketch of Elizabeth of the Trinity, saintly Carmelite of the nineteenth century, we read that she became aware of her vocation through the reading of the notes her mother had taken from the Life of St. Teresa, the great Founder of the Reform. May not many a young heart, impressed by the story of Carmel, find her vocation through the reading of these pages?

—A. T. Z.

*The Irish Sparrow.* By Will Whalen. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, \$2.00.

Another Whalen book—he has given us many in a short space—nor do I say it as if they were just negligible events. Not at all.

Here, in fact, is a book that is quite different. Love pulses strongly through its pages; the hardy men of Mine Run fill us, as in his other books, with healthy enthusiasm. Mine Run's women are revealed to us once more in their womanly glory. The story holds your interest.

But such a conclusion! It is like the ruined breaker of Mine Run with the fresh snow fallen on it after the fire.

*India.* Monthly Magazine published by the Catholic Young Men's Union of Madras, India. Subscription, \$3.00 per year.

# Lucid Intervals

The teacher had taught geographical definitions rather hurriedly, such as, equator, an imaginary line running around the earth, and isthmus, a narrow neck of land connecting two larger bodies, etc.

The next day she had written review and one of the questions was, "What is meant by equator?"

"The equator is a menagerie lion playing around the earth."

A dear old lady was showing her new parrot to her gardener.

"You know, Joseph, that this parrot comes from the Congo, and the Congo parrots are so intelligent they seem almost human. This bird whistles 'Home, Sweet Home' so beautifully that the tears run down his beak."

"Yes, mum," commented Joseph. "I know them Congo parrots. Used to own one that whistled 'The Village Blacksmith' so beautifully that sparks used to fly from its bloomin' tail."

"I understand," said the Scotchman, "that tipping is forbidden in this hotel."

"Yassah," said the colored porter, "it shuah am—but so was dem apples in de Garden ob Eden."

Sambo—I want a razza.

Clerk—Safety?

Sambo—No, sah; I wants it fo' social puhposes.

There was a man in our town,  
And wondrous wise was he;  
And with an ax and many whacks  
He once cut down a tree.  
And when he saw the tree was down,  
With all his might and main,  
He straightway took up another ax  
And cut it up again.

"Did you know that it's my grandson who has the job of office boy in your office, Mr. Ugmay?"

"Well, well, that is funny—he went to your funeral last Wednesday!"

The officers of one of the colored regiments were having trouble getting the privates to sign up for sufficient life insurance, and detailed one of the negro non-coms to help. This non-com presented the proposition in this way: "If you is insured, Uncle Sam values you at \$10,000. If you ain't, Uncle Sam don't stand to lose nothin' if you die. Now, I leaves it to you—which bunch of men is Uncle Sam goin' to send to the front-line trenches?"

A certain famous actor sometimes shows interest in the lesser lights about him. One day he was conversing with one of his stage hands. "And what, my good fellow, is your vocation?" queried the condescending matinee idol.

"I'm a Baptist," was the reply.

"No, no, that is your belief. I want to know your vocation. For example, I am an actor."

Said the scene shifter: "Naw, that's your belief."

A colored woman one day visited the courthouse in a Tennessee town and said to the judge:

"Is you-all de reperbate judge?"

"I am the judge of probate, mammy."

"I'se come to you-all, 'cause I'se in trouble. Mah man—he's done died de-tested and I'se got t'ree little infidels, so I'se cum to be appointed de excootioner."

She—I wouldn't think of marrying such an intellectual monstrosity and physical misfit as you are—you numbskull! Do you get me?

He—Well, from the general trend of your conversation, I should judge not.

"Why is the town so still this morning?" asked a native who had just returned to the Wild West community of Holster.

"A tenderfoot blew in last night and the boys thought they'd have some fun with him," explained the owner of the Temperance Bar.

"Well?"

"The tenderfoot was from Chicago."



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.) .....	\$ 522.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.) .....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.) ...	2,007.00
Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,263.42
Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church) .....	4,792.78

\* \* \*

Burse of St. Joseph, \$644.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,964.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Ann, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$2,000.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$4,500.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$40.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$400.00; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$1,950.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$1,489.96; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$600.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$1,053.51; Mary Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$40.00.

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## Books

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### SOME GIFT SUGGESTIONS

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